

60 MRS WILSON

AUTHOR OF "THE SIL VER BUTTERFLY," "SAL-LY SALT," "THE BLACK PEARL," ETC.

NOVELIZED FROM THE SE-RIES OF PHOTOPLAYS OF THE SAME NAME RELEASED BY PATHE EXCHANGE.

(Correight, rack by Mrs. Wilson V

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Senator Mason, political and financial autocrat of Masonburg. Stephen Fletcher, editor, who disputes Mason's rule.

Mrs. Mason, wife of the senator. Mrs. Fletcher, wife of the editor. Rose Mason, student at seminary, in love with Tom.

Tom Fletcher, captain of cadets

at a military academy, in flove with Rose. Attorney Davenport, who ; con-

ducts Tom's defense. District Attorney.

TENTH STORY.

FIRST DAY.

Senator Mason, for more years than most people cared to remember, had held the thriving little up-state city of Ma-sonburg in his vest pocket. He was the city's richest man, the

county's political boss and its leading corporation lawyer Though a decade had

It was not a fellow millionaire or an-

Fletcher said about Mason was true. Moreover, even the most tactful of the Senator's emissaries had wholly failed to 'buy off' the editor or to scare him into

The attacks continued, and grew more and more virulent. People were beginning to eye Mason askance. Papers in other cities were printing some of the more spicy of Fletcher's statements.

by little, Senator Mason had MASON CHARGED WITH CONTRACT

Millionaire-Statesman Fails to Explain Discrepancy in Electric-Lighting Bids and Bill Rendered to City.

The Senator read the headlines six mes. Then, fuming and muttering, he read the news story beneath them. Turning to the editorial page, his eyes fell "leader" entitled "Mason's Rawest

With a snort like a baited bull's, the With a snort like a baited bull's, the Senator snatched up his hat and his heavy walking stick, and stamped out of his office. Five minutes later he stormed into the city room of the "Dally Appeal" and, brushing aside an office by who tried to bar his way, burst unannounced into Stephen Fletcher's private sanctum.

Deen inseparable, that as success the anglier. She was in mortal terror of the dominating husband, and pathetically anxious to please him. Always she had been so: through their quarter century of wedded differences in which neither of them sympathized. They cited the celebrated to the company of the dominating husband, and pathetically anxious to please him. Always she had been so: through their quarter century of wedded differences in which neither of them sympathized. They cited the celebrated case of Romeo and Juliet to prove that family quarrels are no barrier to true.

was glancing over a sheaf of smudged proof sheets. He looked up, with no great show of interest, as his visitor entered. Fletcher was not surprised by the call. He had been expectng something of the sort for a long

Well, Senator Mason," he said curtly to the purple-faced millionaire who was bearing wrathfully down upon him "what

can I do for you?"
I came here," thundered the senator. "to order you to cease these unwarranted assaults upon my character, and to

"The moment the 'assaults' become 'unwarranted." returned Floria 'unwarranted.'' returned Fletcher, 'they will cease. Until then, they shall con-tinue—until I have broken up the politi-

and county.

He got no further. Mason's rage burst read:

across the tiny office they pummeled and wrestled and butted their way, clinging together in a right unloving embrace, as they fought.

It was not a battle that could have

Mason struck his opponent a chance looking the him face that sent Fletcher him. Pre

"No," panted Fletcher, swaying and as he clutched at the desk-for support. "No. He deserves don't do it. I fight my own battles. Besides, it would be against And this paper is struggling Butand order in the community "But what are we going to do about arms around the Mason has debauched. He being expelled?" she broke in "Father can't mean that?"

WOODROW

| wantonly attacked me. Let the lav deal with him

him out, boys," ordered "and turn him over to a po-Fletcher. liceman. As soon as I can get my head tied up, I'll come around to the station and make the formal charge." "And I'll charge you with criminal libel:" yelled Mason, "with criminal libel and--

"Shut up!" snapped the reporter.

keep the peace in future.

The Senator went out of court, voiceless with fury, at his foe's moral tricorporation lawyer. Though a decade had passed, since his single term in the senate, he still bore the proud courtesy-title of "senator." in Masonburg and in Fletcher returned to his office equally enraged at the thrashing he had received passed, since his single term in the sendate of his supposes so."

The man what I started to say when I told you Tom Fletcher was 'settled by our term in the sendate of his office equally ''yes a suppose so."

The man what I started to say when I told you Tom Fletcher was 'settled by our term in the physician 'You don't remember the physician was bettered in satired to say when your only child marry me-please? Think how glorious it will be not to wait till we're years settled was bettered in satired to say when your only child was bettered in satired to say when your only child was bettered in satired to say when your only child was bettered in satired to say when your only child was bettered in satired to say warriors took their grievances to their wives, and from each, according to her kind, received full meed of sympathy.

streets are sharply reprimanded. Big-eyed and fluffy-haired girls, who surrep-titiously peep over the vine-clad wall of "Oh, Tom!" she declared, "you're wongrounds as a squad of ca-grounds as a squad of ca-derful! You're a regular Napoleon! dets march past, are sent to their rooms think of everything.

worked himself into a homicidal rage against this fee who would neither be bribed nor bluffed into submission. The stances the rigid effort is completely

age and reason to cope with.

Thus, nearly always between the two schools there was a half-dozen active fifrtations going on, unsuspected by the authorities. One elopement would be enough to ruin the prestige of both indetails of the romance:

From earliest childhood Tom Fletcher and Rose Mason had been sweethearts. In kindergarten, in dancing school and at church back at Masonburg they had been inseparable. That was before the Fletcher-Mason feud had begun.

And even after their respective fathers had locked horns the two young people had gravely agreed that their own affair need not be marred by parental life. As a result she had vearly grown life. As a result sallow, perpetually timid woman—sat at his side, trying in vain to assuage his wrath. Her well-meant condolences served only to make him the angrier.

She was in mortal terror of the dominating husband, and pathetically anxious to please him. Always she had been so: through their quarter century of wedded life. As a result she had vearly grown.

innocent, very idiotic.

When Tom took his company on practice hikes or on route march, he was certain to lead them past the seminary ed Mrs. Mason, "you musn't say such

If the cadets ever chanced to notice ing? I've a flower dropped from the wall at their suit myself. and county. I-" captain's feet, or a three-cornered note And now this rascally flicked deftly across to her, they merely "What a wonderful flicked deftly across to her, they merely grinned and kept their own counsel like have been for statesmen and finan-

"Are you responsible for this outrageous article?" demanded Mason, thrusting the paper under Fletcher's nose. "Are
you? Speak up:"
"I am." answered Fletcher, "and I have
here the proof sheets of a much stronger
one for tomorrow's paper. I give you
fair warning that I.—"
He got no further. Mason's rage burst.

grinned and kept their own counsel like
good fellows.

But one day the girl dropped a note in
front of the marching company which
contained more than the usual guehing
pledges of deathless love. Tom surreptitiously picked up the scrap of paper," he growled unheeding, "If it
read:
"Day Heart. There is trouble—terrible."

He stopped short, with a grupt. Two

He got no further. Mason's rage burst all bounds of self-control and sanity. With a wordless bellow, the senator swung his heavy cane aloft and brought it whizzing dewn on Fletcher's unprotected head.

But the more fragile editor was as a whole handful of your letters.

"Dear Heart: There is trouble—terrible trouble. Old Mother Hinkle (the girl's nickname for the seminary principal), was nosing around in my room, this morning, and, when I wasn't looking, she opened my inner desk drawer, and found shyly forward.

At sight of her the glower vanished "Dear Heart: There is trouble-terrible

more fragile editor was as a whole handful of your letters.

At sight of her the glower vanished from Mason's face. He and his wife descended, and ducked away is given to their feet in happy excitesideways from his chair as the murderous blow descended, and ducked away
from it, seizing his assailant's arm.

The two grappied. Up and down and
across the tiny office they pummeled and
across the tiny office they pummeled and

you can come to the corner of the wall at the to o'clock tonight, I'll try to steal out there for a talk with you, and then we what

But, as it was, their tussie was fiercely waged. And by reason of greater bulk is sensitor presently began to get the better of it.

As the office force, aroused by the turmoil, ran pell-mell into the room. Mason struck his opponent a chance blow in the face that sent Fletcher clean off his feet. The editor fell.

Presently a white and slender figure and I. Just a half an hour ago. We—"An inarticulate roar of truly dreadful reactivity from the senator interrupted her for the seminary garden's wall. A jump and his fingers clasped the coping. A married?" he sputtered, his bull-voice drowning a lesser cry of dismay from his wife. "Married to—to Stephen looking down into the dark garden below him."

Presently a white and slender figure collections.

clean off his feet. The editor fell, hitting his head heavily against the corner of his desk.

Before Mason could pursue his advantage, half a dozen men had seized him and forced him, kicking and the ment to the companion of the seminary dormitories. Tom dropped him and forced him, kicking and the companion of the seminary dormitories. Tom dropped him and forced him, kicking and the companion of the companion of the seminary dormitories. Tom dropped him and forced him, kicking and the companion of the companion of the seminary dormitories. Tom dropped him and forced him, kicking and the companion of the compani

will be so crazy-mad at me. All the more because it's you. He hates your

wish I could turn all his cranky "I wish I could turn all his cranky ter where this brat and his father belong, temper on myself, dearest," said Tom, I'm done with you. Get out!"

"So you'd get none of it. You see I——"

"And I feel worse about you than I do about myself," she cried. "It's everlasting horrible disgrace for anybody to get expelled from school. But it's lots worse for a boy than for a girl. For it spoils the whole career. And it's estimate the second for a boy than for a girl. For it spoils his whole career: And it's all my fault.
"It was not your fault," he denied, "It was mine. And it was worth being expelled for—if it weren't for making you feel so unhappy."
"But what are we going to do?"
"But what are we going to do?"
"What is the sobbing sirl out of the house. Mrs. Mason made as though to run out and call them back. But her husband barred the way.
"Oh, my little girl!" wailed the frightened woman. "My little girl!"

"But what are we going to do?"

"I've thought it all out very carefully,"
Tom told her, "and I've hit on the only solution. It's a daring sort of solution and it will take lots of pluck. But it'll he broke off abruptly in the midst of mean a whole lot of nappiness for us. Will you do it?"

Will you do it?"

"We're well rid of her!" scoffed Mason. "Mrs. Mason," went on Davenport, "you have testified that you wrote this entry in the Bible, and that you did so within three weeks after Rose Mason his denunciation. Mrs. Mason had very quietly collapsed at his feet in a dead failt.

"Year Of course. What is it?"

"We're well rid of her!" scoffed Mason. "Mrs. Mason," went on Davenport, "you have testified that you wrote this entry in the Bible, and that you did so within three weeks after Rose Mason had very quietly collapsed at his feet in a dead failt.

"He was not at home," said Mrs. Mason. "He was in Europe. He had gone "But what are we going to do?"

"We must get married."
"Married?" she echoed, amazed.

"We must get married right away," he insisted. "Then we'll go back to our parents and tell them, and it'll be too late for them to make any kick. They may be a little put out about it just at first. But they nove us too much not to come around. And dad's promised me a job as soon as I leave, school. So I can support you all right. And—and won't it be wonderful?"

"But—but, Tom!" she stammered, "we lyers, thence to the district, attorney's of-fice, and back to his own home two hours later.

"It y for ten months. He did not return until Rose was nearly four months old."

"I see. We will go into that later, Mrs. Mason, do you know the law requires to meet him, "I fancy young Fletcher is settled pretty satisfactorily at last, "Do you know that there is absolutely no record in the board of health archives of Rose Mason's birth?"

"Rut—but, Tom!" she stammered, "we heard, then? I'm so glad!" "We must get married right away," he

formality.

He kissed her. And she clung to him, it, Martha, but in this state the 'age of consent' is eighteen years. Rose won't be eighteen for several months. The man It was not a fellow millionaire or another politician who challenged his rule. That would have been easier to bear. No, masonburg. It is a fairly pretty village, noted chiefly for two institutions that honor it by their presence. One of these is the Somerston Millitary Academy. The feltcher had recently begun a campaign of news stories and editorials paign of news stories and editorials attacking the Senator in person, and attacking the Senator in person, and his financial and political methods and his financial and poli Between the academy and seminary there is supposedly no communication whatever. Cadets who glance interestedly at seminary girls on the village streets are sharply reprimanded. Big.

> You for the rest of the day.
>
> Everything that professional minds can devise to keep the girls and the cadets
>
> And so they parted for the night. "No," he contradicted gatly. "I don't darling.

against this foe who would neither be bribed nor bluffed into submission. The climax came one day when, opening his morning paper. "The Masonburg Daily wasted. For youth and adventure have ever proved too strong a combination for Appeal." Mason read these two-column age and reason to cope with.

Senator Mason sat in the library of his big house on Masonburg's widest residence street. He had just finished reading "The Appeal's" trenchant account of the preceding day's fight in the country of the preceding age and reason to cope with.

enough to ruin the prestige of both in-stitutions. Yet, such an elopement oc-curred, in spite of all the care taken by the principals and the faculties to pre-vent such a tragedy. Here are the brief details of the romance: From earliest childhood Tom Fletcher

Mason waxed apopleptic with indigna-tion as he read. Nor was his wrath les-sened by a front-page cartoon of him-self, in guise of a holdup man, shouting "Your Franchise or Your Life!" to a group of trembling city fathers. His wife—a sallow, perpetually timid. Mason waxed apopleptic with indigna-

The district attorney.

It was a very serious and important matter, this romance between Rose Mason and Tom Fletcher, as the romances I had him elected for—to jump when I of the very young are so prone to be. They decided that heaven had ordained them for each other—that no lives since the birth of time could compare with theirs—that destiny had inseparably link-lit lift in proving the libel. I don't see why, theirs—that destiny had inseparably link-lit lift in grown way or other to shut theirs—that destiny had inseparably link-lit lift in grown way or other to shut theirs—that destiny had inseparably link-lit lift in grown way or other to shut theirs—that destiny had inseparably link-lit lift in grown. "says I've a perfect case against that cur. Fletcher. And he says he'll press it, if I say the word. (That's what I had him elected for—to jump when I had him elected theirs—that destiny had inseparably link- But I'll find some way or other to shut ed them. It was all very beautiful, very him up! I'd give fifty thousand dollars to any tough

garden, at precisely the moment that things even in joke. He is—"
Rose had chosen to walk there.
If the cadets ever chanced to notice ing? I've always run this place to He is-No one has complained

some news for you. Some tremendous news. Promise not to be angry."

hoped to win praise from adepts in the fistic art. For both men were somewhat past middle age and of sedentary habit, and neither was accustomed to active warfare, other than that of the written or spoken word.

But, as it was, their tussie was fiercely waged. And by reason of greater bulk the senter presently better the search of the s

"I can't, hey?" he yelled. "Watch and against the wall Davenport now hurled see. Qut of here, the pair of you, before I throw you out. Go to the gutter where this past and his father belong. I'm done with how and Color with the country."

Waiting only to help the servants re-vive the stricken woman, he left the house and went to the office of his law-yers, thence to the district attorney's of-

"But—but, Tom!" she stammered, "we can't. We can't."

"Why not?"

"We aren't of age or anything, and we—"

"I are thought you had, by the way you spoke," she replied. "Rose called me up fifteen minutes ago. She's at the

"Shut up!" snapped the reporter, clapping his hand, none too gently, over the captive's mouth, "shut up and come along quietly, or we'll drag you out by the heels. And never go suing any paper for criminal libel, either. If you do, they're apt to prove it on later, Fletcher's testimony (backed by that of his office boy, who had seen the whole fight), proved clearly that Mason had been the aggressor.

Even the magistrate—who owed his appointment to the Senator—had no option but to believe the story. He made the penaity as light as possible, imposing and an almost respectful command to keep the peace in future.

"But—but, Tom!" she stammered, we can't. "earl' he queried. "Heard what?"
"I—I thought you had, by the way you spoke," she replied. "Rose called me up fifteen minutes ago. She's at the Fletcher's. Se says Tom's father and he we in fifteen minutes ago. She's at the Fletcher's he queried. "Heard what?"
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what do you mean?

ror. He went on gleefully:
"That squares my account up to date
with Stephen Fletcher, too, He attacks me in his miserable newspaper. Very good. I send his son to the state's prison. Nobody has ever yet clashed orison. Nobody has ever yet with Hiram Mason and won out!"

The trial of Tom Fletcher for abducting and marrying Rose Mason was Ma-sonburg's most sensational law procedure of the year. True to his promise to his patron, the district attorney pressed the case for the state with a savage vigor that all but swept the defense off its

Stephen Fletcher and his wife had harstephen rietcher and his wife had har-bored the unhappy Rose in their home, from the start, less for her own sake, than as a parental duty to their son, Daily she went to the courtroom with them. She insisted on doing this, in the hope that her presence might be of com- He is-

ort to her boy-husband.

It was a tedious task to empanel a ursy, as the prosecution dreaded the effect member now that he was not in at-

query as to her age, and that she had laboriously crossed out the half-written word and substituted "eighteen" for it.

Senator and Mrs. Mason were called to the stand, one after the other, to testify that she was not yet eighteen. At the senator's own suggestion, the Masons' family Bible was introduced as evidence, and the senator's own suggestion, the Masons' family Bible was introduced as evidence. This enormous Rible had been in the witnesses and by striller testimons.

trict attorney, after Mrs. Mason had mortals. Especially, by a woman tearfully verified the entry, "you observe that Rose Mason was born on trically defective as this witness. I trict attorney, after tearfully verified the September 3, 1888. The date of her mar-riage to Thomas Fletcher—as attested in the city records, which you have seen—was June 2, 1916. Therefore, it is proven that Thomas Fletcher married her when "Objection overruled," decided the she was one day under the age of seventeen-years-and-nine-months. I have shown you the section of the Penal Code shown you the

vantage, half a dozen men had seized him and forced him, kicking and snarling into a corner, where they held him pinloned.

"Shall I beat him up for you, boss?" asked a sympathetic reporter, helping the dazed and bleeding Fletcher to his feet. "Say the word, and I'll make the big stiff look as if Von Hindenthe look as look as if Von Hindenthe look as look as if Vo

One odd feature in the prosecution's case had impressed him, and while he set no especial value on it, yet it was against this that he begun his assault.

He recalled Mrs. Mason to the stand. and made her repeat her former testi-mony of having entered the date of Rose's birth in the family Bible. Mrs. Mason was in a wretched condition of nervousness, and bordering upon break-down. But she gave her evidence with-out a flaw, and all could see it was the

son. "He was in Europe. He had gone to Moscow on legal business for the gov-ernment. He was absent from this coun-

eighteen, all right."

"But is that—honest?" she quavered.

"Why not? It isn't your fault you aren't eighteen. And you will be in three months. And you're in your eighteenth year, aren't you?" Besides it's just a formality."

"What do you mean?" gasped the wife was being to do that for him. A the witness, "what physician was in attendance when your daughter. Rose, was born?"

"What do you mean?" gasped the wife Mason."

"What do you mean?" gasped the wife Mason." Maso

"I know the Walters woman," answer-ed Davenport, "sile is now acting as housekeper in my sister's family. With the court's permission I shall send for

She returned to us just before Senator Mason got back from Europe."

"Then who did act as your nurse at that time?"

"I-I don't recall."

"Mrs. Mason:" exclaimed Davenport "do you mean to tell the court that any mother can forget such important cir-cumstances attending the birth of her only child? You cannot remember the your family physician?"
"Doctor Colfax." name of the doctor

'How long has he attended your fam-"I-I don't know. Since my marriage,

I think,"
"Then he must have attended you

to the stand, one after the other, to testify that she was not yet eighteen. At the eighteen years old. There is no the senator's own suggestion, the Masons family Bible was introduced as evidence. This enormous Bible had been in the Mason family for more than two centuries. In its "statistics pages" the birth of seven generations were recorded.

The last entry was in Mrs. Mason's in a family Bible. The Bible, your way old, fashlored hand, it reads in the convince her that, in America, and to convince her that, in America, and low with some stern eye on her hustowens was accomplished in many mutterings and great heartache. Grandmother came from a long line of traders and barticles, buying and selling were as much a part of her life as cooking and baby tending. She thought them orded.

The last entry was in Mrs. Mason's she, three weeks later, made an entry own old-fashioned hand. It read:

Rose, daughter of Hiram and Martha Mason, born September 3, 1898.

"Gentlemen of the jury." said the district attorney, after Mrs. Mason had tearfully verified the entry, "you obvious mortals. Especially, by a woman whose memory has proven to except whose memory has proven to except whose memory has proven to except that she says she, three weeks later, made an entry in a family Bible. The Bible, your honor, is a sacred and unimpeachably truthful book. But its sacred unimpeachability does not include the records that are placed in it by fallible mortals.

"Objection overruled," decided the

he was in Europe I went to the Foundling turn you loose plenty soon, now."
asylum at Butler, and—adopted Rose.
Out into the street rushed the terShe was so little and puny, that I could rified girl. In her ears rang the bitter than she really was. And I wrote it that deep into her tortured memory was the way in our Bible. She wasn't my baby at all. I don't know whose she was. Her mother died at the hospital when she was born. She was a stranger in the was born. She was a stranger in the town. They gave me the records of Rose's bear birth at the asylum and—" On

She sank back in her chair, crying and writhing, in helpless abandonment.

Amid the uproar which the judge's gavel failed to check, Tom Fletcher for gavel failed to check, Tom Fletcher for them.

Presently she came to a halt. She had the first time let his eyes rest on Rose's. To the horrified girl his look of stark amaze was one of disgust. She cowered She cowered the blue waters. And beneath those wabefore it and pressed her hands over her

eyes. "Let him take her!" snarled Mason's strident voice, above the din. "A foundling brat is fit wife for a son of Stephen Fletcher.

"Fit for my son?" shouted Fletcher, in a gush of contempt, "We don't marry nameless foundlings, we Fletchers! I'll have the marriage annulled and-"Order!" screeched the clerk, while the gavel pounded splinters from the desk. Rose waited to hear no more. With

the gasping moan of a hurt animal, she ran from the room. Tom, getting a glimpse of her face, sprang after her. But the attendant

"Wait till you're formally discharged,

hold his love if we had a child. While youngster!" growled a policeman. "They'll tell him she was three months younger insults of Mason and Fletcher. Stamped

On she ran without definite aim or pur-Presently she came to a halt. She had strayed to the very brink of the lake, at the town's edge. Before her, rippled

ters lay-forgetfulness and peace.
The horror-spasm was smoothed from
the white young face. The agony no longer racked her tormented soul. Here was

refuge from everything.
Slowly, but as calmly and joyously as a maid to her bridal, she stepped forth into the sparklingly inviting rippies. The water caressingly lapped her tired feet. Now it encircled the slender and now it had risen to the white young

Onward she went, bravely, eagerly. And on ward she went, bravely, eagerly. And the pitying waves closed above her.

While the doom of the young bride troubled the consciences of those enacting various roles in the tragedy, the guestion was left unanswered—the question of "Who's Guilty?"

(END OF TENTH STORY.)



AMERICANIZED.

In this land of the free and home

work benches, Yiddish and cash down are the only two mediums of expression through which one can always be understood. When an Irishman. be understood. When an Irishman, not suspect the family was on the a Hungarian, an Italian, a German and a Russian get together to put through Jacob, making a brief call in Delancy a deal which will supply second-hand street, were horrified to discover clothing for all the plantation darkles a base deceiver their mother had b next season, they use a jargon which come.

is the outgrowth of all the Yiddish dialects of Europe. And usually the sheltered in the clammy shadow of the

to grand hotels where Jewish families am my own woman. If it shames the flocked to frolic in sand and sea and family I am sorry, but you need not sandwiches and soft drinks. But firmly she resisted all attempts to transly she resisted all attempts to trans-fer her to Harlem.

The daughters artfully pointed out ily council which met to try the de-that they needed her more, as married fiant grandmother that she seemed to women, than when they were little be telling the truth because one of girls. Grandmother resisted pleadings her workers had told him she sold and threats. She said she would learn to use a telephone and they could talk household linen and cheap underwear to her just as easy. But she stayed in three little rooms just off Grand Grandfather Goldstein sat dazed

tings."

children had been lifted out of the wept. They talked about family pride downtown ghetto by good fortune and and heat and smells and street noise. "Aind't it I brought you up besser really to become reconciled to Americans" demanded the old culprit

len street. But the old man was keeping—and pinned a "VOTES FOR-backed by the traditions of patriarchal dominance, and he refused to "be a loafer and pinned by the shawl. (Copyright, 1795.) loafer an' a bum.' Grandmother had to try to conquer

the training of a lifetime. In Am-sterdam, the market stand where her father sold everything from antique brass to fresh eggs, was to her lambrass to fresh e she was one day under the section of the Penal Code which declares that marriage to a girl to most invested in marriage to a girl to most invested in a marriage in the presence of abduction. It has been shown that Rose Mason's parents did not give their consent to this marriage. The state's case is proven as it stands. We rest."

The state's case is proven as it stands. We rest."

The problem of the provided in the provided in

a cold triumph. He had crushed his fee, Tom sat very still, very rigid, very caim. He dared not glance toward the horror-stricken Rose lest he lose control of himself at sight of her heartbreak. Yet he longed unspeakably to comfort her, to tell her he was glad to suffer for her dear sake.

Davenport, above all the lay-members of the audience, knew how desperately hopeless was his young client's plight. For, being versed in every phase of the law, he saw the absolute perfection of thistity attorney's case. There was not a legal technicality, not a flaw, of which the defense could take advantage or whereby a motion could be made for a new trial.

But, being of the buildog breed, Davenport would not yield. A lesser advocate onfused and—"
"It's true! It's true!" wept Mrs. Mawhen she sat with her hands wrapped
on, all at once breaking into a spasm
of hysteria, and springing up from the
lifeless and much given to dripping
"I am sure" and "I wish" were each the

secret" for the first time in her forty

odd years of married life.

Every morning she left home half an hour after grandfather went of star-spangled campaign speeches the store, and every night she stole in about an hour before the time she Near Delancy street, where we chuck eighty per cent of our garment makers when they are not at their and chuckly.

"She's forgotten," said the children, such relieved. Weeks went by and still they did

dialects of Europe. And usually the Irishman's tongue wags as fluently as any.

Grandmother Goldstein chose to live in that neghborhood.

In vain did her progeny beseech her to move up town and be stylish. She liked to visit their flats with such shining plumbing and polite janitors. In the summer, she went with them to grand hotels where lewish families am my own woman. If it shames the mere way women to grand hotels where lewish families am my own woman. If it shames the

fer her to Harlem.

"People will think we can't make pushcarts and I have seven men work-money" walled the sons, "if we leave our old people behind in such setyou have more pride than sense." The two sons explained to the fam

Grandfather Goldstein sat dazed and silent. Never in all their married street, and continued to do her mar-keting from pushcarts.

Indeed, after the children and grand-children had been lifted out of the wept. They talked about family pride

It was a tedious task to empanel a jury, as the prosecution dreaded the effect of the young couple's unhappy pilght upon the average juror; and as Davenport. Tom's shrewd counsel, was ever on the alert to keep the district attorney from packing the box with satellites of Mason's.

But at last the challenges were exhauted, the jury was complete and the trial begun.

The district attorney set forth the state's case, and prepared to establish it. Davenport fought him every step of the was, But it was a losing fight. The law was, clear, the facts were evident.

The marriage license blank was produced in court. Rose's handwriting on it was identified. It was seen she had started to write "seventeen" after the query set to her wishing the proving many could be even when the half-written been more shall be described as a proving Mrs. Mason's aspect of panie terror, "I have listened patiently to this dark was clear, the facts were evident.

The marriage license blank was produced in court. Rose's handwriting on it was identified. It was seen she had started to write "seventeen" after the query as to her age, and that she had started to write "seventeen" after the query as to her age, and that she had started to write "seventeen" after the purpose of any physician has to do with the fact that fhomas Fletcher has not yet been a jury, as the procedured the district attorney with the time of the court is being nervousness." Tremember young married lite of think in this country, she had been home-sick, ill, tormented with poverty and the with country, she had been home-sick, ill, tormented with poverty and the with anger.

"Do ud did not call in your own family in the leads work, She saw her children grow whe doctor then? And you dath over the work of the work. She saw her children grow here—caught in the terrible American life in which old traditions flouted, old-country ways ridiculated attentions flouted, old-country ways ridiculed. The impatient youngsters better the meantime. "Your honor:" cred the district attorney wa living a right

hands. If the children had ruled en-tirely they would also have made Grandfather Goldstein close his grub-tionist. She put her "very own" bank Grandfather Goldstein close his grub-tionist. She put her "very own" bank by second-hand furniture shop in Al-book back into her stocking for safe-

Panama Isthmus Rising. The Panama Canal will not be swalowed up by an earthquake in the future, and the troublesome slides now being en-

in pathetic reporter, helping fletcher to his the word, and I'll make flook as if Von Hinder at the door wide open and the hall its turned up. She's there yet for all know. I couldn't set past her. So imm' at the fletcher, swaying and he clutched at the deak-upport. "No. He deserves upport. "No. He deserves upport. "No. He deserves upport. "No. He deserves hap only the couldn't set past her. So import. "No. He deserves upport. "No. He deserves "Poor little hands" murmured Tom. lesides, it would be against lesides, it would be against lesides, it would be against of the poor little hands." "It's true! I can't lie to tears. "No one noticed when the change like." "I think." and "I deserve the poor hand mutual love and innocence of hydrographic the community with the door wide open and the hall it turned up. She's there yet for all know. I couldn't set past her. So in the case. "I start the place of the poor would not yield. A resset, with the door wide open and the hall it turned up. The poor little hands." "It's true! I can't lie to tears. "No one noticed when the change like." "I think." and "I deserve the poor hand mutual love and innocence of the youth and the word of the youth and the your ways are his, not ours. I was hoping that all. We had been and set like." "It hink." and "I desire with the dear. "It's true! I can't lie to tears.

"Poor little hands." "It's true! I can't lie to tears. "It's opening "I think," and "I desire" had two like," "I think," and "I desire" had two each. "I hope," "I do not rise," "I should not," "I want to ask," "I was hoping."